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Easter.

HAIL Christ, of men the mighty king,
Our hope and strength, our life and love;
Across the valley, sea and cove
Let wide Thy joyful praises ring;
Let happy children to us sing
Of sinless Man. O spotless dove,
Send down Thy graces from above,
While we our prayerful offerings bring.
Hail Jesus, risen from the tomb,
Send us Thy blessing, send us grace;
Trembling let us with Thee commune,
And joyful take our lowly place;
Absolved from sin, and free from care,
We raise to Thee our Easter prayer.

CHARLES PFEFFER, '09.

The "Splendor Veri."

AS we know the tree by its fruits, so do we recognize the truth by the radiance and splendor it casts about itself. A false radiance cannot long endure under pretense of being of the truth; much less can it work for good. The radiance and glow in the Catholic Church, which is but the outward expression of the inward truth, has proved itself in spite of all adverse criticism to be genuine and lasting, both in itself and in its effects.

While there are comparatively few Catholics who see and appreciate the almost endless wealth and beauty of their own religion in its external forms, there are many outside the Church who have learned to admire, and later on often to take part in those uplifting ceremonies. There are many who have glanced into the fold and beheld there a wondrous harmony. They have seen the shepherd clothed in his festive garments. They have heard the soothing melodies, so near in spirit to those which we love to think the angels sing without ceasing to their Heavenly Father. They have witnessed the shepherd on the altar offering his clean oblation and calling, according to God's own command, the Saviour, the God of mankind, to come again, to walk as of old in Paradise, with the sons of Adam "in the afternoon air," and they have said to themselves: "There is the true Church, there is the city of God, the new Jerusalem; there my soul will find a home."

They were quite right. The ceremonies of the Church do show forth the truth; they are but the outward expression of it. As a work of art must exhibit the idea that animates it through its form, so the worship of the Church gives expression to the spirit and idea that is within. We have no reason to doubt the genuineness of the conversion of those who are led into the Church through these means.

God has many ways of drawing souls to Himself, and if in this case He does so through the senses, who will censure Him. Catholics are apt to forget that outsiders are much more powerfully impressed by what they see and hear in the Church than they are themselves. It is old to us, but new to them. They are for the first time in the presence of a new world, a world of harmony and beauty and sublimity; and it happens that their souls are filled with rapture, that the sun of truth breaks upon them through the externals of divine worship, and that they leave the church a Catholic at heart. They have gained an insight into the Church, which years of study might not have brought them. There has come to them a light as if from Heaven.

"Truth shines with its own light" is a saying we have often realized when reading an author, or hearing a musical composition, or standing before a work of art, but never so vividly as when we are at divine worship. We feel that we are in the very presence of truth itself, near to the source of it, which is God Himself. That is not mere show which we see in the Mass, and other rites of the Church; that is the garment of truth—the garment in which truth clothes herself to appear attractive in the eyes of men. There is a certain something, a note which we cannot mistake. The spirit of Christ is there, it is the true worship of God, it is Heaven brought near to earth, or earth to Heaven. We discern in it all the radiance of the sun of truth,—the "splendor veri."

This splendor appears in the Mass, the supreme and distinctive act of Catholic worship. Is that all mere pomp and show that we see going on at the altar, from the Confiteor at the foot of the altar to the Offertory, the Elevation, and the Communion? No, that is indeed the memorial of the scene in the Coenaculum at Jerusalem and of the Passion and Death of Christ. Every part bears witness to that; every sign and ceremony. No more characteristic act of Christian worship than the Mass could be devised. Christ is there in the person of the priest, and the chief facts of his life are brought to the mind of the people. It is plainly the sacrifice which Christ instructed His Apostles to perform in commemoration of Him, and it is the action by which Christians,

according to St. Paul, are to "show the death of the Lord until he come." A famous actor has said that the Mass appeals to him as a drama of unusual beauty and significance, and such indeed it is, the commemoration of the greatest drama the world has ever witnessed, that of Calvary. No one who has a true conception of that drama, and of the meaning of the Mass, can fail to say: "Here indeed is the sacrifice of the New Law. Here is the heart of Christian worship, the very core and center of it. Without that no church can claim to be the Church of Christ; for a church which does not assign to the central fact in the Redemption the central place in its worship, can not be the Church of Christ." In the Catholic Church it is the center from which everything radiates, and to which everything converges, as in the life of Christ.

More than that. There is clearly that in the Mass which is not of earth, something that is not of human origin, but which comes from God. No one could have originated that sublime act of worship, in which man enters into such close communion with God, which brings him to the feet of the Eternal and brings God to earth. What other act of worship gives so much scope for the expression of all the feelings that enter into religion, those of adoration, of submission, of penitence and petition, of longing and love? What other act of worship could give so much scope for the employment of all those things which enhance the solemnity of public worship, and which make it truly an act of homage of the whole man and the entire congregation? Lights and incense and music and the sublime action itself: all the accessories tend to make it the one act of worship which stands without rival in the world. The greatest musicians, Catholic and non-Catholic, have found in the words of the Mass their inspiration for the highest flights of their genius, and the people find no less inspiration in the singing of the parts of the Mass, those chanted by the priest as well as by the choir and congregation: the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Preface, Sanctus, Benedictus and Agnus Dei; all these appeal to their innermost feelings and their deepest convictions. Their whole spiritual nature finds expression in the Mass, and their souls are borne upward on the things they see and hear.

And then the wonderful unity in variety that is exhibited in the Mass. In its central elements it is ever the same, but in its lesser parts it changes every day, in accordance with the feast and the season. Now the tone is that of tenderness or sublimity, of joy or grief. All the varied emotions of man's heart find expression. No Sunday is like another; each has its own distinct individuality. The first Sunday of Lent is not like the second or third, nor is the season of Christmas like that of Easter or Pentecost. Nature herself has not that variety which is offered to the Christian in the spiritual world. Evidently, the Mass is not of human worship, but is that oblation which, according to the Prophet Malachy, was to be offered to God's name in every place—the sacrifice which Christ instituted, and which was henceforth to be man's chief and heaven-ordained act of worship.

But it is not only in the Mass that the splendor of Christian truth appears. We discern it everywhere; in every part of the worship of the Catholic Church. Take the services of Holy Week. What are those accents of grief that are heard in the churches, that arise from priest and people? It is the voice of her, who is the spouse of Christ, and those of her children. They are voices of mourning, deep and tender; voices that come from grief-laden hearts. No feigned grief, but one that is almost too deep for utterance. Only at intervals is the silence broken, as if by sobs, as the Church recounts to her children the sorrows of Christ, and upbraids them for their sins, either in the words of the Prophets or of Christ Himself. With what infinite sadness does she sing: "Popule meus, quid feci tibi? aut in quo contristavi te? responde mihi," and as the people answer: "Hagios O Theos," (Holy God) a shiver seems to pass through them. They can say no more than that, their sorrow chokes their words. What can equal the grief that is expressed in the Lamentations of Jeremiah over the fate of his beloved city, which the Church applies to the Saviour. That is more than earthly grief. No such notes of sorrow were ever heard in an earthly tragedy. No widow has ever mourned for her departed as the Church does for Christ. She is paralysed with grief; her garments are those of deepest mourning; her altars are bereft of all ornament; her priests lie prostrate on the floor;

her children sit in silence; nothing is heard save the rattle of the wooden bell, and the mournful tones of the priests and people, as they rehearse the scenes of the awful tragedy. And then the change that takes place on Easter morning. The cry of joy that ascends from the Church, as her beloved is restored to her,—triumphant, glorious, and the hymn of praise to God. Ah, these things are no man's invention.

Thus we might enter into every part of the Church's services, and find in them that loveliness which is more than earthly, and which betokens that they had their origin not in men but in Christ and in the Church of which he is the head, and in which the Holy Spirit lives and breathes. That divine effulgence, which seems to come from the throne of God and that splendor which is the reflection of truth is visible in them all. A book might be written on the ceremonies and melodies of the Requiem, on the Vespers, nay, on each of the psalms, such as the *De Profundis*, the *Miserere*, and the *Magnificat*; on the ceremonies of Baptism and those of the other sacraments and of her other rites and ceremonies. Everywhere we find the spirit of Christ; we find that the external life of the Church is but the expression of her inward truth and beauty.

It has been well said that Christianity has brought much beauty into the world, incomparably more than any other religion, but it is only the Catholic Church which has done so, and not any one of the various sects. Hence she is the Church of Christ, and none other. May we not hope that in these times, when the appreciation of the beautiful is growing among men, an increasing number of souls will be led into the Church through this channel?

LEO SPORNHAUER, '10.



“Easter Lilies.”

LITTLE Nellie was slowly wasting away. Almost imperceptibly she had sunk lower and lower during the winter and spring, and doctors could not help her; nevertheless, her parents, having at best but a very poor income, spent all they had, to try to save this fragile little form to themselves. It would be so lonesome without Nellie's sweet voice answering Mike's robust laughter in their play.

Mike could hardly understand that Nellie was going to die; and, to tell the truth, did not believe it. It was the evening of Holy Saturday when he crept into his sister's room, while the rest of the family were still eating supper. Lovingly he laid his cheek upon his sister's face and told her of all he had done that day, and how he wished that she could have been along, and how she would have liked it. Then Nellie spoke :

“Mike, I believe I am going away soon, maybe tomorrow. No dearie, you can't come along. Do you remember that big, white lily papa brought us last Easter? Well, you don't know how much I would like to have one tonight. It would be so nice to die with a lily upon my breast and my rosary in my hand.”

“Oh, Nellie, you aren't going to die ; you can't. I won't let you,” tearfully spoke the sturdy eight year old to his older sister.

“I believe, I will have to, Mike ; don't go — — —”

But Mike ran out of the room, suddenly afraid, and through the dining room, terrifying his parents, who hastened to Nellie's bedside, and observing her white cheeks sent for the doctor.

Mike reached the street. Slowly he walked down the avenue, thinking how lonely he was. Little Johnny from across the way hailed him, but he paid no attention. He was thinking of Lovel's greenhouse, behind the windows of

which could be seen rows and rows of pure white Easter lilies. He wondered if he had money enough to buy one. He emptied his pocket: a nickle, two pennies, and a glass marble was all he had. He was pretty sure that this would not buy one, but he would go and look anyway. There was the place now. Um! How nice it smelled when some one opened the door. Ah! There was the price in the window, but it was many times more than he could afford, and he knew that even Papa, who gave him a penny or a nickle now and then, could'nt think of buying one of those beautiful white lilies. Gluing his face against the glass, he thought for a long while, but could think of no way of earning so much money in a month, let alone, a single night. People passed him on their way home from church on this last day of Lent, and all at once an idea came into his head so bright that he wondered he had not thought of it before. He would go to the church of the Sacred Heart and ask God to help him get a lily.

In a few moments he was in the church. It was already late, so late that Mike should have been in bed long ago; and if it had not been for the unusual circumstances at home he would have been missed. The church seemed deserted and quite dark; so he knelt in the last pew, near a big pillar, and to keep himself company, he prayed louder than usual:

"O God, little Nellie is dying at home, at least, she says she is. Please, God, don't let her die; but, O God, if she is going to die to-night, please send her a lily like that one we had last Easter. It would be nicer to go to Heaven with a lily in her hand, wouldn't it? Oh please, dear God, send her a lily. I live at 1132 W. 29th St., and I will get the lily, if you send it."

A man in the same pew, but on the other side of the pillar, slipped out quietly, and hailing a cab, was soon at the florist's, where he bought half a dozen beautiful Easter lilies. Again taking the cab, he told the man to drive to W. 29th St., and to stop along the 1100's. Taking the lilies in his hand, he walked along till he found the house. Having quickly laid them upon the doorstep, he continued to walk back and forth, till he saw little Mike come hurrying.

along, and almost step upon — — “What’s that?” And still he isn’t so much surprised. Of course, he knew now that God had heard him. Picking them up, he hurried into the house. How quiet it was! Were they in bed? He heard some one sobbing, and fear again gripped his heart, and he felt like running out. But he had the lilies! On tiptoe he walked to the open door of Nellie’s room, and looked! They were all kneeling around Nellie’s bed, and Father McGavin was reading something from a book. He was about to run out in fright, when Nellie opened her eyes once more and saw him. He understood that it meant “Come.” He stepped to the bedside and laid the lilies upon her breast. A happy look spread over her face, and so she died, as Mike stooped to kiss her. Such crying! Mike couldn’t cry, and ran upstairs and hid himself in the attic.

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“Yes,” continued Mr. Crawford, a wealthy resident of the town, as he was speaking to Father McGavin the next day, “use this money for the poor people, and if it should chance that the boy ever wants anything, just let me know. Good-bye.”

“A good man,” said father McGavin to himself afterwards, “a very good man;” and as he was somewhat fond of parallel constructions, he continued: “A good boy, a very good boy; but what a funny prayer.”

CHARLES PFEFFER, '09.



The Black Man's Woe.

Read on Lincoln Day.

AT the edge of a wood a log cabin stood,
Little and black and old;
And wailings arose from the negroes within
That of grief their accents told.

Why should such grievings arise from within,
Were not those black men free?
Lincoln had broken their cruel bonds,
Then let them sing joyfully!

Ah, no, their joy to sorrow is turned,
"Father Abe" had gone to his rest;
Shot by a man of reason deprived,
Great Lincoln, their friend the best.

Oh, well might they weep and well might they mourn!
For ne'er should the black man find
In a white man such a father as Lincoln was,
A father so noble and kind.

Oh, picture his face so sad and so grave,
So darkened by worry and care;
See the honesty, candor that in those eyes gleam!
Ne'er shall they shine again there.

Oh, black man! your patron lies in the cold ground,
But his spirit still lives in the land;
Immortal shall be that generous friend
Who freed your fettered hand.

On this festal day, his spirit looks down
Where his country's united and strong;
And the Blue and the Gray, the White and the Black,
Have righted each bitter wrong.

HENRY GRIMMELSMAN, '10.

Tennyson, the Herald of the Age.

AS the last lagging pageant of one age is moving down the long vaulted aisle of the past, there appears before the magic arch of time a royal herald, announcing in accents strange and new the tenor of the oncoming age. Such a herald is the poet. From his lofty height he contemplates the spectacle of mankind, he hears the murmurs of men as of the sea, he understands their yearnings, and looks quite through their deeds; by the light of the present he peers into the future and prepares his hearers for the new trend of thought and action.

In viewing the tendency of the present age as regards the belief concerning the origin and destiny of the human soul it would seem very natural to ascribe its heraldship to Tennyson. Within the entrance of this new era of thought he stood like a herald; not indeed with the blare of the trumpet, but serious and dignified; his philosophic mind blending with a true poetic genius, and busying itself with a most sublime contemplation of the soul. With the keen sense of the poet he foresaw the drift of that philosophic research in which the world to-day finds itself involved. Yet with all his power of penetration and highly gifted faculties he was not able to answer, even to his own satisfaction, this great question. He seems to have made a heroic struggle, preparing the mind for an explanation of the origin and destiny of the soul, but ends with a vaguely expressed doubt, or at least with only a vague hope of satisfaction. This is precisely the modern tendency, especially in that class of people—not within the pale of the Church—to whom Tennyson's works appeal most, namely, the educated.

It is particularly in his "Idylls of the King" that this belief, or rather these speculations, regarding the soul are set forth. In the first Idyll, "The Coming of Arthur," the question of Arthur's birth is identified with the ever new and in-

teresting questions regarding the soul. Whence? Why? Whither? Whence is King Arthur who—

“drave

The heathen; after slew the beast, and fell'd
The forest, letting in the sun, and made
Broad pathways for the hunter and the knight?”

Whence is this soul, the animation of the body, the principle without which “here between man and beast we die?” Is it a sister of the mind? Is it an offspring of the body? Is it a child of chance? Wisdom is reputed as holding the secret of its mysterious origin; but when pressed regarding it, he answers,

“In riddling triplets of old time,
‘Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
A young man will be wiser by and by;
An old man’s wit may wander ere he die.
Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the lea!
And truth is this to me, and that to thee;
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.
Rain, sun, and rain! and the free blossom blows:
Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes.’”

Is this not the story of wisdom to-day regarding the soul? Wisdom that succeeds now in explaining so many of the phenomena of nature, wisdom that succeeds in discovering even many of the laws of the soul, wisdom, a would-be god, at whose feet the worldlings kneel. But ask the question straightforward—Whence? and this god is silent or answers in a rhyming, rambling riddle.

This tendency might be called the Tennysonian school, which teaches that the mission of the soul is the temporal uplifting of mankind. Tennyson conceived this spiritual force as being wedded to the heart, thereby making man superior to all other creatures, and rendering him capable of improving his own state. Although this theory, inadequate as it is, is not original with him, yet Tennyson has succeeded in clothing it in a new and beautiful form, at the same time teaching a very great lesson, which his school seems to have quite overlooked. In the fall and punishment of Guinevere he shows how the heart, when not made subject to the soul, drags all into a general ruin with itself. Noble as it is, yet its emotions and desires are of the flesh, materialistic in

their tendencies, and must be constrained and directed by the higher ideals of the soul.

But this lesson is not always heeded. Often the heart is pampered, and reason is made to connive at its behests. When the laws of the moral order no longer conform to the heart's wishes, the conscience is strangled, and the mind is made to find or invent a new code. Man may boast of his advancement in civilization, but in trying to improve upon the instructions given to him by divine Revelation he has failed miserably.

Tennyson teaches that the heart, while not to be wholly disregarded, should be subservient to the soul; that the two are so intimately connected that the neglect of the one is the destruction of the other. In the person of Holy Dubric he exclaims:

"Reign ye, and live and love, and make the world
Other, and may the Queen be one with thee,
And all the Order of thy Table Round
Fulfill the boundless purpose of their King."

How happy would the world be, had all adopted and applied this beautiful truth. Materialism, so abnormal in its proportions, would not then need be so abnormally criticised. I say, abnormally criticised; for to condemn all materialism outright is to deny that God uses natural means whenever practicable for the furtherance of His kingdom here. Inasmuch as the Church has been greatly aided by inventions and the achievements of commerce and the general improvement in the material condition of the people, it would be unreasonable to decry them as a hindrance rather than a help. A proper adjustment of affairs material and idealistic is the goal to which the world sooner or later must come.

I said, the Tennysonian school seemed to have overlooked this great lesson in his teachings, but perhaps they were only quite logical after learning his convictions regarding the destiny of the soul. There was a subject about which he could not convince himself. In several instances he has a doubt as to its immortality:

"I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merling sware that I should come again
To rule once more; but, let what will be, be."

Weary and worn from the war with sense, the soul, accompanied by a single friend, to whom even in its death hour it could hardly trust the fulfilment of its orders, that soul, the wonder and king of creation, is made to utter these awful words:

“But now, farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest,—if indeed I go—
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt—”

With this the barge moves from the brink and glides away on its uncertain voyage. The bewildered friend watches, till as a speck the barge disappears beyond the horizon of eternity, never to return. Only a faint echo seems to come from beyond, and this fancy struggling with a doubt, imagines to see the speck,—“pass on and on and go from less to less and vanish into light.”

With this the student of Tennyson turns back upon the world bewildered, uncertain whither to go, with grave doubts as to the soul, the uncertainty increasing by trying to solve the riddle, until to-day we approach the dangerous precipice of scepticism. It may be too much to make the herald of this age responsible for such a result, but it seems that after treating the subject so extensively he should not have left the whole involved in doubt. We must hold that he either entertained that doubt himself, or that he merely wished to teach that wisdom—knowledge unaided by revelation—is unable to afford us certainty regarding the nature, origin and destiny of the soul.

LEO FAUROT, '09.



Vesper.

THE length'ning shades of evening
On me in all their beauty fall;
Methinks the sky 's an endless sheet
Which forms a gold and silver pall,
To wrap the earth in slumber deep.

C. W. P., '09.

A Visit to the Mardi Gras.

IT may seem paradoxical that one can retreat from intellectual pursuits, take a vacation for rest and health and at the same time enjoy an intellectual gain; but such was my experience while on a retreat at New Orleans a few weeks ago. While enjoying the rest from books and classes and recuperating under the influence of the southern sun, I had the singular pleasure of witnessing the Mardi Gras celebration, which proved a real intellectual treat.

What is the Mardi Gras? To one who has never witnessed the celebration as it is carried on at New Orleans, this word may convey a rather dubious meaning. We hear so much about celebrations of this kind in mediaeval and primitive times that our curiosity is aroused to know whether in this present modern age these antique customs are still preserved intact. To some extent, they are; if not entirely in form, at least so in spirit. Before proceeding to a description of the celebration, I may be permitted to state a few facts as to its history.

The origin of Mardi Gras (Fat Tuesday) is no doubt European. There are those in New Orleans who affirm that the custom dates back to the time of Nineveh, at least to that of the pyramids, but that does not appear plausible to the average mind. There would seem to be some likeness between this modern custom and the Lupercalia and Saturnalia of the Romans, and the Olympic games of the Greeks, but for most men it will be sufficient to know that the New Orleans celebration has its more immediate origin in France, where even at this time and on the same day a "Boeuf Gras" celebration is held. The term Mardi Gras was invented for it by one of the early French governors of Louisiana, Jean Baptiste Moyne Sieur de Bienville. In 1699, this dis-

tinguished personage, with his brother Pierre d'Iberville, was sailing on the Mississippi, when he had the good fortune to discover a new river. Recalling to mind that the day was Shrove Tuesday, and being somewhat jubilant over his success, he called the river "Mardi Gras." This no doubt aided the New Orleans people in christening this famous celebration. But many people in the South call this celebration not Mardi Gras but simply Carnival, a word meaning as much as "Good-by, meat" or "Less Meat". However, Mardi Gras is the name generally used.

There is another fact very intimately connected with the Mardi Gras celebration which needs some historical explanation. In 1830, on New Year's eve, Michael Craft entertained a number of friends at his home in New Orleans. Wine was served very freely, and under its promptings they seized scythes, rakes, gongs, bells, etc., etc., and improvised a procession. The following year this same party, with perhaps their number doubled, repeated this celebration. It was continued for several years, until it developed into the famous and very prevalent custom of masked processions. The main duties of these masqueraders are: to don as ridiculous a costume as possible; to parade the streets and to afford amusement to the visitors. A Mardi Gras celebration without this feature would doubtless be considered a "dead affair" by the town people. There is a standing law that after six P. M. all masks must be removed. This is a wise measure, as it tends to prevent many excesses.

Now to come to a description of the Mardi Gras. Officially, the celebration lasts one week, but it is not until the final days that its chief splendor is revealed. Each noon and evening a gorgeous procession takes place, in which a series of floats are the chief feature. These are really of great beauty, and well worth a journey to see. It is almost impossible for a visitor to estimate correctly the cost of these floats and that of the street decorations and illuminations. Only round numbers are given, and they vary from \$50,000 to \$500,000. At St. Louis, where the celebration is yet in its infancy, it is said that a single procession of veiled "prophets" and street illumination cost \$125,000. The evening parades are by far more beautiful than those at noon. Each float,

particularly that in which Rex, the King, rides is illuminated so grandly that words would fail to describe it adequately.

Who is Rex? The king of it all, as his name implies. He is selected by one of the various committees and empowered with authority quite becoming his title. One can hardly imagine a scene more thrilling and exciting than that which is enacted on Tuesday, when Rex lands from somewhere at one of the New Orleans piers. The boat from which he alights is, as befits the occasion, splendidly decorated. This year a war vessel from the U. S. squadron, being for some reason detached from the main body, accompanied Rex's boat to the pier. Amid the enlivening strains of several bands, and the thunderous and deafening salutes from the man-of-war, the king alighted. He was met by a host of distinguished personages, at their head the mayor of the city, who greeted him with all the marks of courtesy due his exalted rank, and presented him with the key of the city. From that time till the end of the celebration Rex is supreme ruler of New Orleans.

The visitor marvels at the courtesy and good feeling prevailing among the crowds. There were very few rude things, few mean things, few things not in keeping with the spirit of the celebration. I was informed that last year some one threw a piece of wood at a masker on the float. The public was much incensed over the deed, far more than they were several weeks ago, when a large defalcation occurred in one of their public offices. This shows in what esteem this celebration is held by the people. It is at once recognized by the visitor that while thousands of those who witness the parades and who make up a large part of the revelers and fun-makers have come from a distance, it is the New Orleans people who give the tone to the celebration, and who give the cue to the strangers.

The grand finale is particularly interesting. As the evening advances, one act succeeds another and the revelries increase in boisterousness, until at the last stroke of the midnight hour they cease suddenly. The Mardi Gras has come to an end. When the visitor awakes the next morning and ventures upon the streets, he is struck with the stillness

that prevails, in contrast with the clamor of the previous days. There are no revelers and no spectators. The people are again engaged in their usual pursuits. It is Ash-Wednesday, and the Lenten season has begun.

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Apart from the Mardi Gras celebration, there is much of interest in the city of New Orleans. One of the many sights is the famous shrine of St. Roch's. No tourist would consider his visit to New Orleans complete without visiting this most sacred spot. The history of the shrine is this: During the years 1868-78, when the Yellow fever was raging fiercely in New Orleans, claiming one or more victim in almost every home, a pious priest, Father Leonhard Thevis, Pastor of Holy Trinity Church, vowed to St. Roch that if his parish were saved from the terrible plague he would erect a mortuary chapel in the Saint's honor. Strange as it may seem, it is a proven and substantiated fact that not a single death occurred in this parish during the plague, while beyond its limits thousands succumbed to the frightful disease. The late Jacob Schoen, who at that period (1878) had charge of all burials in Holy Trinity Church, often reverted to the fact that the books of his association did not record one single death in this congregation during that memorable period. In fulfillment of his promise, Father Thevis erected the chapel, and it stands today, in the opinion of Marion Crawford and other noted critics, as the most perfect specimen of Gothic architecture in this country. Scores of pious pilgrims are daily seen at this hallowed spot, and many are the miracles said to have been performed there.

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There are two things which most strongly impressed themselves on my mind in the South; namely, the hatred which the Southerner entertains for the Northerner, and his double hatred for the negro. The animosities that were engendered by the Civil War may have been lessened, but they have been by no means entirely subdued. A little incident will serve to illustrate this fact. Entering a jewelry store one day, I noticed a small group of men gathered in the rear of the store, who were talking in a very loud voice. It did

not take me long to learn the import of their conversation, which was a most vehement attack on the Northerner and his "black pets," as they termed them. Not in the least desirous of joining the company, yet anxious to hear more of the conversation, I interested myself in the contents of one of the show cases. Finally one of the group caught my eye, which I occasionally cast at them, and came to ask my pleasure. I told him what I wanted, and he showed me several articles of jewelry, but I noticed that he was more interested in the conversation which was going on in the rear than in the business with me. I could hardly get a complete answer from him. Every few moments she would try to join the party in his high screechy voice, and he finally did leave me to my own inquiries. His interest in the conversation had overcome his sense of courtesy and business. Not wishing to draw him away from his company, I started for the door. That brought him to the front again, but I informed him that I would not make a purchase that day.

As to the Southerner's attitude towards the negro, I can not say that I was altogether surprised at it, since, previous to my visit, I had heard so much about racial distinction in the South. However, the severity of the laws towards the negroes did create a lasting impression. No mixing whatever is tolerated. On the trains, in the street cars, in the courtrooms, in the churches, in the railway stations, etc., the negro has his place, and when that place is filled, as for instance, in the street cars, they will not stop for any more. The second morning after my arrival I had occasion to ride in the street cars, and unaware of any rules as to where to sit, I took the second last seat. I noticed a rather indignant look upon the negro who sat opposite me, but thought nothing of it. Hardly a minute had elapsed when I was asked to change my seat, as the last three seats were for negroes only. The Southern negro is very different from the Northern negro, especially in this that he recognizes his inferiority to the white man. It seems almost a mystery to the Southerners how we Northerners get along as well as we do with the negroes. I was talking to a Southerner on the train, and he was astonished when I told him what little trouble we had with our colored friends. He related to me several cases of

racial uprising in the South, and when I left him I was compelled to admit that the negro question is a much more difficult one in the South than in the North, and that we must not blame our Southern brethren unduly if they take severe measures to hold the colored population in check.

DANIEL MCSHANE, '09.



Alone.

THE bleak clouds break across the morning skies,
The hearth's last spark in silence cools and dies,
And like a marble statue, bent with care,
Before the open fire-place, dark and bare,
In sorrow wrapped, all motionless and pale,
With eyes down-cast, a dark and faded veil
Scarce hiding from the view the silver hair,
A mother sat, with forehead once so fair.
To right a cross; a candle, flickering low,
Upon the wall, a dancing, grotesque show;
Beyond a cot, upon whose scanty spread,
A youth, thin, pale; eyes sunk and ghastly—dead!
The brow the first fond mark of manhood bore,
The lips, thin, set, a smile half-hidden wore.
To left, a faded old Memorial hung,
That with a rhyme this lowly tribute sung:
"To Tim, the pilot of the burning 'Queen,'
This little rhyme, to keep his memory green;
And may his life, so nobly well begun,
Win heaven's blessings for his wife and son."

LEO FAUROT, '09.

Washington's Attitude to the Catholic Church.

THE Catholic Church has struggled from the very days of her foundation to disarm bigotry and to prove to those outside her fold that if she is hated or feared it is due to a misunderstanding of her character or influence. In proportion as she became known, the number of those who hated her rapidly decreased. Each individual opponent of the Church, as his knowledge of her doctrines increased, and as he realized her great influence for good, respected her more and more. Thus it was with the principal figure in the early struggles of the United States against tyranny and oppression.

George Washington lived in his early days among Episcopalians, to whom the very name of Rome and of the Pope was like bitter poison. There were few, if any, practical Catholics near the Washington homestead. Was it any wonder, then, that if he did not hate the Church, he at least considered her an institution that was of no benefit to mankind? The wonder is, rather, that he was not imbued with that hatred of Catholicism which many others, such as Lee and Jay, openly showed, whenever an opportunity was given them.

His early surroundings, then, could explain his signing of the Act of Congress of 1774, demanding the repeal of the Quebec Act, for fear that the Canadians, encouraged by the Catholic Hierarchy and aided by the British government, would swoop down upon the Colonists and compel every man to become a Catholic. But Washington, though ill-disposed toward the Church, knew that bigotry prompted these feelings of the Colonists, and he would not let such a selfish, personal feeling alone induce him to sign that Act. Was it even one of his reasons? His later conduct says no.

We see his most earnest endeavors bent upon an alliance with the Canadians, and he wanted the Quebec Act repealed, because as long as religious liberty was assured to the Canadians, very few of them would fight against England. He knew also, that even if they were disposed to rebel, their priests and bishops would still exercise sufficient influence over them to prevent such a course.

When Arnold was sent to Canada on the fourteenth of September, 1775, Washington gave him the following instructions: "As the contempt of the religion of a country by ridiculing any of its ceremonies or affronting its ministers or votaries has ever been deeply resented, you are to be particularly careful to restrain every officer and soldier from such imprudence and folly, and to punish every instance of it. On the other hand, as far as lies in your power, you are to protect and support the free exercise of the religion of the country and the undisturbed enjoyment of the rights of conscience in religious matters, with your utmost influence and authority." What Washington really thought of the religion of the Canadians cannot easily be inferred from these words. He lays stress mainly on the bad policy of offending the Canadians, saying very emphatically that a bigoted course would be very imprudent, since it must inevitably result in the failure of General Arnold's mission.

Again, when the army intended to celebrate "Pope Day" on November 5, 1775, Washington forbade them to do so. There is that in his message to the soldiers which makes one think that he was opposed to every show of bigotry for its own sake. Here are his words: "As the commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the Pope, he can not help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in his army so void of common sense as not to see the imprudence of such a step. At such a juncture and in such circumstances, to be insulting their religion is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the remotest insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to these our brethren, as to them we are so much indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada."

As the war progressed Washington realized more and more the worth of Catholics. This is evident from the many important positions to which he appointed Catholics. After the war he often expressed his gratitude and admiration for the patriotism the Catholics had shown in the defense of their country. At one time he wrote: "I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality, and I presume that your fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution and the establishment of their government or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed." Archbishop Carroll often commended Washington's efforts to encourage respect for religion. At one time he wrote to him, thanking him and praising his attempts to put a stop to bigotry.

Before the Revolution Washington may have shown some contempt for the Church; but during the course of the war he certainly learnt to respect her and her children. It was not until after the war, however, that he knew enough about Catholicism to see that it exerted a great influence for good. When he realized this, he began to love the Church, as every man who is sincere must do. In 1792 he appointed Father Rivet, a Catholic clergyman, to instruct the Indians in the Catholic religion, for he realized that priests alone could exercise any great or lasting influence over the Red-men. When later the Augustinian Fathers wished to build a church in Philadelphia, Washington liberally contributed for this purpose. He was also a friend of Archbishop Carroll, who continually hoped and prayed for his conversion. Many thought that his prayers would be answered, when his unexpected death in 1799, put their hopes to naught. This and the fact that many for a long time believed that he died a Catholic, suffice to prove that Washington as he advanced in age, approached nearer to the Church. We have the testimony of Archbishop Carroll, however, that he was not admitted, for he compares him to "the young Emperor Valentinian who was deprived of life before his initiation into the Church."

The men of this country who claim that they follow the

example of Washington in their opposition to the Catholic religion, should consider that Washington when an old man not only respected and loved the Church, but openly showed his respect and love. This was but in keeping with his character. How could he who led such a noble private life, who was so disinterested in his love for his country, and so earnest in his efforts to promote the public welfare, have been narrow-minded only in respect to religion? Truly, in this age when so much praise is given to a man of a liberal mind, not the least tribute we can pay to the memory of Washington is to say that he was not a bigot.

HENRY GRIMMELSMAN, '10.



The Stone-Mason.

DAY by day the patient mason,
 With his steady tap, tap,
 Plies the mallet and the chisel all alone,
 Till at length a pretty pattern,
 The acanthus and the cornice
 Now is chiseled from the rough and heavy stone.

Though in silence he is working,
 With a steady tap, tap,
 While the rabble laugh and gabble as in scorn;
 Yet his ornaments will linger
 As a model and a pleasure,
 To the sons of generations yet unborn.

In this life and its perfections,
 With a steady tap, tap,
 While the rabble laugh and leave us all alone,
 Strive we on with patient labor
 In the silence of our station,
 Till our lives remain a model wrought in stone.

LEO FAUROT, '09.

Donoso Cortes.

A Centenary Tribute.

THE year 1909 marks the hundreth anniversary of the birth of quite a number of distinguished men, both in America and Europe. In January, Poe received the long denied recognition of his merits from the American critics, while the celebrations in honor of Lincoln were of such wide proportions that the magazines and newspapers of the country were not considered complete without some eulogy of his life and character. England will pay fitting honor to Tennyson and Gladstone; France to Chopin; Germany to Mendelsohn. It is eminently proper that this should be done. The tribute of praise and affection should be given to those who by their work have made our lives richer and better. They have rendered services to mankind which are far beyond our weak power to repay, but we show our willingness to give them their due when we join our humble note to the acclamations in their honor.

There is still another centenary, however, which seems to have escaped general notice, so few have been the comments, and so little the interest shown. It brings us to sunny Spain—the home of chivalry and romanticism, of sentiment and religion. It is eminently the home of religion, and probably for this reason his centenary is not celebrated in such world-wide fashion as that of his contemporaries. The land which was the birthplace of so many missionaries and heroes of the Cross, gave to the world the great orator, statesman, and litterateur, Donoso Cortes, Marquis de Valdegamas. Born on May 6, 1809, in the village of Valle de la Sarera, where his parents had taken refuge from the French invaders, he was admitted into the grammar school in his fifth year, had finished the “humanities” at eleven, and at nineteen was appointed to a newly

endowed professorship at the University of Carceres. On account of his learning and great gifts of oratory and statesmanship he now became a public figure, serving the state and his sovereigns in various capacities until his death, when ambassador to France, at Paris, on May 3, 1853, at the age of 44 years. It is impossible to speak of all the events and activities that crowded into his short life. The times were very troublous ones, and Cortes found it not easy to ride on the heaving billows of popular opinion and uphold justice and religion. There was the contest between absolutism and the constitutional monarchy, between Church and state, between the old views and the new. That Cortes succeeded so well in reconciling the various elements, in upholding the rights of the sovereign and retaining the love of the people, must be ascribed to his extraordinary qualities of heart and mind. But it is not to his services as a statesman, or to his abilities as an orator, that I wish to call attention, but to his achievements as a literary man.

Like all other Literatures, Spanish literature has been a gradual growth. From the stirring war ballads sung by the knights and ladies, to the coming of a Cervantes and Lope de Vega and to the present time, it has evolved one of the most varied literatures of Europe. She has her distinctive lights in all departments. Nothing can equal her ballads. The Spanish drama is the richest in Europe, and there are those who, in narrative fiction, award the palm to a Spaniard, the author of *Don Quixote*. The passing of this genius was followed by a general decline, which lasted until after Napoleon's invasion. Then we meet with a revival, which gave us Donoso Cortes.

Some say it was chance, but the more religiously inclined call it God's providence that he appears at this time, for the irreligious and liberal tendencies resulting from the French revolution were slowly making their way into Spanish intellectual life. The times demanded just such a man, and in him they found what they wanted. He was an ardent worker. All his spare hours not employed in the duties of state he devoted to combating the errors of his time—not by any means an easy and pleasing task. All the energy and resources of his fertile genius he threw into the work, show-

ing himself to be one of the ablest and best thinkers of his age. His masterly "Essay on Catholicity, Liberalism and Socialism,"—"a profound and original work on the loftiest themes that can occupy the human mind," as one author calls it—proves that he had the true philosophy of life. He was a friend of liberty as well as authority, and while the work does contain some minor errors, yet the great truths it shows forth, the wide experience and profound knowledge it displays, caused the Holy Father to confer special marks of honor upon the learned author.

The style of this essay is no less brilliant than the contents. He has the Frenchman's sense of form, with all that that word implies. His periods are strong and eloquent, his language terse and simple. "Never," says Brownson, "has the noble Castilian been used by a more, if an equally, consummate master." He possesses an artist's sense of beauty and elegance. Everything is so clear and definite in those well-proportioned chapters.

Donoso Cortes was not a devoted son of the Church in his youth and early manhood, but he made up for his neglect in the later period of his life. Then he became her champion. Take up and read the discourse he delivered before an immense crowd of people on the occasion of his reception as a member of the Royal Spanish Academy. What was the subject? The Bible. Certainly, this is surprising to us, who hear so much about Spain—"dark, deluded Spain"—as being the land where the Bible is a closed book. We would fain ask how he dared broach such a subject before so many learned men of the nation. But no, he goes right on; simply, directly he tells how that great book influenced English, Italian and even—Spanish literature. He shows that the Bible is not a 'sealed book' to the Spaniards, as many of our Protestant writers would have us believe, but that it is read and appreciated. Just a few short sentences for illustration: "This book is the Bible—the book of books. In it Dante saw his terrific vision; from it Petrarch learned to modulate the voice of his complainings . . . without it Milton would not have viewed woman in her first weakness, man in his first error, Satan in his first conquest, God in his first frown . . . And to speak of our own Spain. Who taught that

great master Fray Luis de Leon his simple sublimity? Suppress the Bible in imagination and you suppress all that is beautiful and noble in Spanish literature." Splendid, you say, and at the same time true. In Cortes the romantic, impassioned character of the Spaniard was joined to the reflective and cultured intellect of the nineteenth century. The entire oration, which may be found in Volume VII of the "United States Catholic Magazine," is probably the most eloquent tribute ever paid to the Bible in any tongue.

One whom we must ever associate with Cortes, both on account of his talents and the similarity of his work is that well-known figure, Jean Luciano Balmes. In many ways they were strikingly similar. Both manifested extraordinary genius, and both were ready to take their licentiate's degree at the age of sixteen, which by law they could not receive till twenty-five. In their work both were actuated by the same motives—the love of religion and of country. Balmes' productions, however, far exceeded those of Cortes; but if we consider the fact that Cortes wrote his books amid the arduous duties of state, while the other devoted his entire time to these studies, then, I think, he is deserving of an equal, if not a greater honor. Spain has certainly great reason to feel proud of having produced such a man, for his genius and influence have penetrated wherever truth and learning are respected.

"He was," says Brownson, "among the ablest and the most learned, the most eloquent and unwearied of that noble band of laymen who, beginning with De Maistre, have from the early years of the present century, devoted their talents and learning, their genius and acquirements to the service of religion, and done so much to honor themselves and our age in their eminently successful labors to restore European society to its ancient Catholic faith and to save it from anarchy and despotism." Would that we had now many such men, loyal and brave, to defend the Church. No fear then that so many calumnies and slanderous charges would be brought against her, and so many insults heaped upon her, as is done in France and elsewhere.

We pay him this little tribute out of respect for the true greatness and character of the man. His work will live, and

though his centenary will not attract such world-wide attention as Poe's or Lincoln's or Tennyson's, yet Spain who honored him so much while living will not forget to crown his monument with a garland on the 8th of May, 1909.

JAMES MCINTYRE, '10.



Parerga.*

I.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.— Have you ever enjoyed a moment of supreme satisfaction, a moment wherein all the thousand wishes that incessantly crowd the human heart seemed to cease, and the blessing of heaven seemed to render the heart lighter than air? I shall tell you when it was.

It was at a time when, out of the most unselfish motives, you forgave your erring brother from the heart, at a time when you were instrumental in making some troubled heart rejoice, when some little passing favor was truly appreciated by the recipient, when the recipient was one of the lowliest of the low.

Truly, heaven is a free gift of God, for virtue is its own reward.

FLUCTUATION.— Yesterday the gloom of cold bleak winter hung over the land, dampening and chilling everything, making it most disagreeable to be about. To-day the weather is breaking bright and pleasant, and the warming ray of the returning sun invites the storm-pent students to stroll.

*) In addition to the regular literary exercises, essays, sketches, etc., required at stated intervals, the members of the upper English classes keep a Composition book, variously known as the "Miscellany," "Common-place-Book," and "Sketch-Book," into which they put their musings, on matters light and grave, as the mood or fancy leads them. They are submitted for inspection once a week. As an incentive to still better efforts we have selected the following for insertion in the COLLEGIAN.—
EDITOR.

Thus varies the success and failure, the joy and sorrow, the appreciation and the non-appreciation of life. To-day we are elated with the success of our undertaking, to-morrow, perhaps, we shall be discouraged by a failure; now we bubble over in the excess of our joy, soon we shall pine in sorrow; to-day life seems an ante-chamber to heaven, to-morrow it may seem a suburb of hell.

But what is it that weaves so many changes in the texture of human life? Do we see the things we seem to see, or is it a fallacy or rather a state of the mind, that gives to things such varying tints and hues? If the changes are really wrought in nature, why are other persons joyful while we are sad? Why do they weep while we rejoice? Why are we sometimes sad on bright and cheerful days, and mirthful in periods of gloomy weather? No! no! nature is not to blame! Childlike we build our castles on the sands where the first on-rolling whitecap sweeps its course; and when we behold our expectations washed away, we cry and raise our feeble hands and fain would stem the tide. In our tears our fellow-men are made to share; our private cares and our actions becomes an unfailing barometer to the change within the little circle of our secret reflections.

Oh, where is the sun of Christian resignation that shines through the clouds of doubt and disappointment and discovers in the succeeding events the finger of God? Bright sun of the soul, shine steadily on with heaven's perpetual light, though on our horizon's rim rise ever and anon the clouds of disappointment.

LEO FAUROT, '09.

II.

AS THE TEACHER TOLD IT.— Ten year old Johnny, brave and mischievous, and everything but wise and good, sat in the little schoolroom. That is, he was at his place behind the desk that was decorated with various ornamental letters, which on closer scrutiny invariably proved to be J. H.—Johnny, at the precise moment that Miss Milly Milton became painfully aware of his hitherto unnoticed but much dreaded presence, was engaged in the somewhat doubtful but all engrossing proceeding of manufacturing and throwing spit-balls. Miss Milly, however, didn't pretend to notice

him, and although he hated to get caught and punished, this fact annoyed him greatly. He soon gave up this unproductive occupation and cast about in his mind for something better. He tried killing flies between the leaves of his book for a while, and soon gave that up too. Ah, he was going to take off his coat; he knew that teacher didn't like it. Ouch! He had run his finger into a pin! Ah, another idea! It was a last resort, and he was sure that now there would be something doing. The recitation bench was just in front of him, and the first time that Miss Milly turned to the board the bent pin had found a resting place. The next class was called. Gee! Henry Kade was going to sit on it! The big fifteen year old had hit him that morning too, and he was sure of a good licking after school now.

Ouch! Jump! Ugh! The deed is done.

"Johnny, put on your coat and go over and sit beside Mary!"

Poor Johnny! for all of his ten years he is terribly bashful and afraid of girls. Teacher knew it too, and smiled as he started to cry on his way to the other side of the room. Smiling again, she turned to her class, for she knew that Johnny was getting a bigger punishment than she could give from little ten year old Mary, who was withal a little miss that promised some day to become what is generally known as a "flirt," if she persevered in the present way. With this punishment, and the derisive laugh of the rest, and the licking from Henry, Johnny was satisfied, and was good for a long time after.

C. PFEFFER, '09.

III.

POETRY AND MUSIC.— "Music has powers to soothe the savage breast." And what is poetry but music. Yea, more than audible music. It is the music of the heart. 'Tis the overflowing of the passions that rise in the soul, so full that words alone are inadequate to convey its import, that the euphony that springs from the emotional pulse must flow in cadent numbers with the sentiments that rise from all vicissitudes of man's relation to his Creator, his fellow men and nature around him. Poetry is a sensation that may be felt, imparted, but not expressed.

“Every object of creation has poetic harmony. Every being has some poetic sense.” The rolling hills of Siberia, the rugged peaks of the Rockies, the vast plains of the Mississippi, rise and fall in one harmonious blending. Go out into the fields or beside the little winding brook, and there is poetry—there is music.

“DREAM CHILDREN.” (An introduction to a criticism of Lamb’s Essay.)— There is a sadness in the life of the man who does not follow his own vocation. But when that life is a sacrifice in order to aid some poor sufferer, some dear mother or sister, infirm and old in service, it becomes sublimely pathetic. Although this sublimity gives him much consolation, and may to some degree lighten his burden by conscious righteousness, yet it can not quench those longings—those unrelenting hauntings of the vision of that which “might have been.” We meet them every day. A smile may hover on their lips—a pleasant smile, yet away down in the heart there is that sadness too deep for utterance; a pathos which no genius can paint, yet is reflected, with all its darkness, on those mirrors of the soul. They seldom reveal their feelings, but when they do, whether it be in the crude language of an illiterate or in the sublime grandeur of “Dream Children,” it never fails to touch the tenderest chords in the heart of the auditor or reader. CHARLES LEARY, ’11.

IV.

SOLVING A PROBLEM.— A little boy was standing outside of a store, looking at something displayed in the big show-window. His eyes did not have the wistful look that is usually seen on the faces of young people when engaged in such an occupation. His forehead was puckered, the upper row of his teeth was biting his lower lip—he was studying. In the window hung an odd and clumsy tool. He was trying to think what this could be used for. Soon the frown left his face; the studied look gave way to one of satisfaction, and he ran down the street, whistling. He was a child, and, true to childish ways, he had set to work to solve a problem for himself, and after a little effort he had succeeded. If all were only little children in this regard. If instead of sitting down and despairing, everyone would try to



REPRESENTATIVE BASKET BALL TEAM.

solve his or her difficulty, how much happier this world would be!

NOBLE THOUGHTS.— “To every man there come noble thoughts, that pass across his heart like great white birds.” Too often they pass! Would that all of us could make a resting place for them in our hearts, where they might stop before passing on. What benefits would we not gain from them. Noble thoughts make noble minds. Men gifted with noble minds are sure to accomplish great things in this world. They can better existing conditions. Then why should we not all entertain “the great white birds” which flutter past our minds. Oh, well do they repay to us the price of the entertainment, making new and nobler beings of us, putting to flight vain and foolish thoughts, and changing us from almost worthless beings hardly worthy of the sustenance we demand from the world to men of power and sense, capable of using these qualities for our less fortunate fellow men.

HENRY GRIMMELSMAN, '10.

V.

SECLUSION.— “Give me to warble spontaneous songs, recluse by myself, for my ears only; give me solitude, give me nature——.” Too seldom can the longings of a sincere and upright heart be fully satisfied. Too seldom can its wholesome intentions be fulfilled. Environment often does not permit, circumstances place thereon their stamp of disapproval. Thus it happens that actions, salutary both for body and soul are frequently neglected. The mind is shy and backward; its good and wholesome resolutions are bashfully brought to the surface. This backwardness is, however, not caused by lack of sincerity, but by the public, lukewarm in spirit, and ever criticising the good work and will of individuals.

But how and where can these wholesome actions take place? Where can a man wholly enter into himself, fulfill his spiritual instructions, and examine his convictions to see whether they are right or erroneous? Surely not in the excitement of the business world; nor among an indifferent lot of men. Surely not among those who are totally regardless of their temporal and spiritual welfare, nor among those who

endeavor to discourage that regard in others. From thence arises too much unprofitable distraction and discouragement! The individual man would then be inclined to live in conformity with those about him. The mind would then be too easily occupied with matters of irreverence or of worldly concern.

But in solitude, in seclusion, where no worldly distractions can present themselves, there can the individual enter into himself and conclude best what are the necessities for his welfare. There can he perfect himself in the knowledge of sacred affairs, at the same time study his own character and improve it with the requisites for spiritual perfection. Well was it for Hawthorne, whose success was made possible through solitude! In his pensive seclusion did he plan and pen works of literary and moral merit. It afforded him a twofold satisfaction: that he then could give expression to his innermost sentiments and convictions; and that the moral thus intended had a wholesome effect. Unspeakably well was it for the monks of old, although alone in their cloisters and monasteries! There, entirely separated from the sinful world, did they exercise their holy and religious practices. Their seclusion was for them a fit medium through which to commune with God. Well indeed was it for them thus to prepare for a future life, undistracted, unconcerned about the affairs of the outside world. Neither did they lose sight of their earthly duties. Through the efforts of those holy men was the world civilized and educated. They kept ever burning in their hearts the fervent piety, the religious devotion of the early Christians, at the same time setting a pious example of duty towards God, and of religious fervor, to future generations.

The very thought of those secluded monks, of their mode of life, their perseverance and self-denial, cause the Christian heart to envy them. This envy, however, is not of a sinful nature. It may cause the individual to humble himself, to deny himself worldly pleasures, and to conceive a love for seclusion as a state in which he may become conscious of his duties towards God and man, and in which he may gather the strength necessary for their performance.

MICHAEL GREEN, '10.

VI.

OVER THE FENCE. "Say! Mrs. Wright, could you lend me two eggs, till Willie goes to the store?"

"Yes, with pleasure!"

"And then, while I think of it, would you please give me a cup of flour? I just used my last drop making that cake."

"Will this be sufficient?" she said, passing the flour and eggs over the fence to Mrs. Thompson.

"Yes, that's plenty; and then I had almost forgot to tell you, I was over to Jennie Harrigans this morning, and who do you think was there?"

"I couldn't guess."

"Well it was Jack Halligan, you know him; he is the one who went with Jennie before she got married to Tim."

"Yes, I remember him now, he used to work out at Jones's place."

"As I was going to say, there's a new neighbor up the street, Mrs. Finnegan is her name. I met her in the store this morning, she seems to be pretty nice, but a little stuck up. And, say, Mrs. Scott had a fine washing out this morning, it was all white clothes. I spoke to her over the gate and she asked us to come up sometime. Will you go up this afternoon?"

"Yes, I'll be ready at two."

"Then I want to tell you about that rowdy, Jim Galvin; I met him to-day, and I'll guarantee he'll not touch my Willie again. I gave him an awful setting out."

Whereupon Willie appeared at the door and cried out: "Say, Ma; the kid's crying again, and I can't make it stop; it's lost its rattle-box."

"Well, I suppose, I'll have to go then. If you have any time, Mrs. Wright, come over about ten o'clock; I have a new pair of shoes, I want to show you."

LEON DUFRANE, '11.



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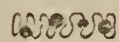
Editorials.

At present there is no matter of greater interest at the College for the faculty and students—at least, during the hours of recreation—than the New Church, now building.

Our New Church.

No inmate of the College considers his day's work complete without at least a look at the walls that are slowly rising out of the ground, and the varied assortment of material that lies about. From the interest manifested by the students in the work of construction, one should judge that they are all taking a practical course in building. There is indeed much to interest the spectator, as to the material and the method of handling, but the chief interest, no doubt, arises from the fact that it is our new church, in which we shall worship within a year, and which

will be the pride of Collegeville and the neighborhood. There is an intense satisfaction in the thought that we shall soon possess such a magnificent church and that it is being built under our eyes. One experiences a mild thrill when a building of fine architectural design and vast proportions rises into shape, to stand as a monument to future years. It suggests the idea of growth and expansion—something which we hope will mark the history of the College in the future even more than in the past.

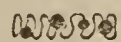


By a singular lapse of memory we failed, in our last issue, to advert to the Retreat of the students, conducted by Father John F. Noll, Pastor of Hartford City, Ind. The omission is

The Retreat. the more remarkable because of the fact that the retreat was one of the best ever given

here, and made a deep impression on the minds and hearts of the students. Father Noll is the editor of the "Parish Monthly," and a missionary for non-Catholics. He is a pleasing and persuasive speaker and has a deep knowledge of the truths of religion, and also the rare faculty of illustrating them in a striking and agreeable manner. We can truly say that the days of the Retreat were very happy and profitable ones for us, and we thank the Rev. Father very sincerely for his efforts.

To prevent a recurrence of such an omission, we will in future have a new Column, that of "College Chronicle," in which the events of the two preceding months will be noted. As the "*Collegian*" is now a Quarterly, we hope to have sufficient material to justify the existence of such a department.

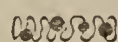


It is with great pleasure that we celebrate St. Joseph's Day, the patron feast of the College. Each year, as we listen to the discourses delivered to us from the altar by the dis-

St. Joseph's Day. tinguished priests that honor us with their presence, we become more conscious of the

singular good fortune we have in being placed under the patronage of St. Joseph. His humble, gentle, saintly figure

attracts the love and devotion of every one, and his life, though hidden, is a source of inspiration to all. This year we listened to a very eloquent and masterful discourse by the Reverend Charles E. McCabe, Pastor of St. Genevieve's Church, Gas City, Ind, and Chaplain of the National Soldiers Home at Marion, Ind. Father McCabe's loving words of praise found an echo in the hearts of the students, and his beautiful periods fell like music on their ears. It is indeed true, as the speaker said, that the Church puts forth the splendor of her worship on that day, but nowhere more than at St. Joseph's College. Everything was in keeping with the dignity and solemnity of the day, especially the presence of the large number of acolytes in the sanctuary, who were a joy to the beholder on account of their splendid appearance and perfect bearing. As to Father McCabe, we wish to say that we appreciate his good will and friendship for the College and the students, no less than his good nature and oratorical abilities, and that we assure him an enthusiastic welcome whenever he comes to St. Joseph's.

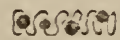


At a meeting of the St. Joseph's College Alumni Association, held at the College, June 19, 1908, it was decided to award two gold medals, of fifteen and ten dollars respective-

Essay Contest.

ly, for the two best essays submitted by the students. Heretofore the prizes awarded by the Association have varied. In the first year it was a twenty-five dollar gold medal and a cash prize, and last year two cash prizes were given, to which a third one was added by the generosity of one of the members. In discussing the matter it was found to be the almost unanimous opinion of the alumni that it would be most appropriate to award two gold medals. It was held that a medal is a more fitting reward for a literary effort than a cash prize, and will be more highly treasured by the recipient. The fact that a second prize is announced will, we hope, induce a large number of students to enter the contest who might think themselves incapable of winning the first. The rules remain unchanged, except that three type-written copies of each essay are re-

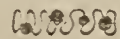
quired, instead of one. The contest closes on the 10th of May. The judges are: Rev. John Cogan, '96, Fayetteville, Ohio; Rev. Thomas Travers, '98, Portland, Indiana; and Professor Henry Froning, '07, Minster, Ohio.



Elsewhere we publish a letter addressed by the Secretary of the St. Joseph's Alumni Association to the members of that body on the subject of the proposed new Flag-staff,

The Flag-Staff.

which we hope, will meet with a liberal response. No more appropriate gift can be imagined; and whoever originated the idea deserves great credit for it. We, i. e. the students, are delighted to have such a fine flag-staff on the grounds. It will stand as a memorial to the Alumni, and as a reminder to the students not to be outdone by them in the love for Alma Mater.



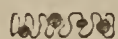
According to Mr. C. A. Benson, there lies in every man a desire to be fruitful and productive. One of the means, as he says, that man has as an outlet to this desire, is the

Creative Impulse.

power of creating. It is to this power or impulse of creating that the world owes its advancement. No critical stimulant is needed, but when the call of impulse touches the creative cells of the brain, one would be a sluggard if he did not obey. As a rule, we find too that this impulse comes not to men who are blessed with what is good in life but to those of lowly degree, whose daily bread is a daily problem. All our great inventors, with few exceptions, labored under difficulties before success. Morse was sorely tried before he gave to the world what is one of its most valuable possessions. In music, in painting, in poetry and prose, the creative impulse was often guided by the hand of poverty. Wagner, while living in a dark and lonely attic, with scarcely food for the morrow, wrote some of the greatest operas that the world has ever heard.

It is true, that the artist, more than any other man, possesses the creative impulse, because, "like the creator, he externizes the ideals of his own mind, and, giving them

form and body, perpetuates them in his works: in literature, in music, in sculpture, in architecture." Of all men he approaches God most closely in the creative activity. But it is this same impulse which prompts the farmer to try a new method in seeding his grain, the merchant a new way of arranging his goods, the inventor to think of new contrivances for the needs of his fellow-men, the capitalist to build his railway, and the scientist to evoke new truths from the unknown. Each one contributes his share to the stock of things that men value. Each one wishes to rear his little shaft that shall stand as a monument to himself. It is a wonderful, God-given force, this creative impulse, another proof that we are made after the image and likeness of God, and that in a certain measure we can participate in His nature and activity. To contribute something to the world's wealth, either material or spiritual, in one form or another, something that will be of lasting value and of real benefit to his fellow-men, should be the ambition of every man. Let him cultivate within himself this creative impulse and resolve to make the world his debtor.



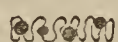
Some months ago, in one of our large cities, a theatrical manager wrote to a well-known playwright, to ask him if he had a play which he could bring him in two days. The

Commercialism and Writers.

playwright had no ready written drama, but when the two days had elapsed he came to the manager with a play he had written in about twenty hours. In about a month it was produced and was pronounced a wonderful success. The secret of this author's success was that he knew what inanities he must write in order to catch the popular ear. So at the call he turned out upon a devouring public a play which would just as well have remained unwritten. So also with books and especially our novels. The publisher writes an author that he wants a new book in six months, and he generally gets it. Even before the book is written it is advertised as "one of his greatest successes! Sure to make a hit." These writers get used to it. A magazine asks a very pop-

ular author to write a serial. Of course, he will write a couple of chapters a week, if they pay him enough. In the end they put everything together, and the result is a book which is often deserving the epithet "a book that is not a book."

It would not be surprising in the least, if a school should start up with a course teaching "what the people want." There are more and more writers coming to light every day who write with no sincerity, with no end in view save money. If the present condition continues, we may be sure that our American Literature will not show many "foot-prints on the sands of time." It may produce some fine "tailor-made" goods, but few works that will be of interest to succeeding generations.



There are many things going on in this world which if critically examined, would prove censurable or at least highly objectionable. Sometimes such a fact is brought home to

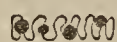
Sensationalism.

us, and we instinctively abhor it. When we once become critically aware of such a fault of the age, we are always on the lookout for it and ready, perhaps not always with a view to public welfare, to condemn it. Such a thorn in the side of aesthetic sensibility and ordinary good breeding, is sensationalism, be it of the kind that stares you in the face, or the kind that glances at you from an unobtrusive back-ground, if we may use the term unobtrusive in such a connection. Sensationalism is bad enough anywhere, but when it enters the churches and the court-rooms it becomes positively disgusting. And there it has lately appeared with appalling frequency. Think of the Thaw trial and its exploitation by sensational lawyers, and of many another trial since then, and now the Carmack trial. From the speeches of the lawyers one should judge that the thing aimed at was not to show the guilt or innocence of the accused, but to display the oratorical and every other ability of these gentlemen. Notoriety—one cannot call it fame—was evidently the one end in view. Therefore those interminable speeches with their frantic appeals and astounding arguments. They wanted to make a showing before the

country, and they did. Did not the papers say that "they brought tears to the eyes of many who were among the distinguished audience?" that "lawyer So-and-So spoke for only an hour this morning, and closed with a burst of eloquence, a farewell invocation;" that "little Ned sat on the lap of one of the attorneys and listened intently." Any one could start a collection of these vari-colored items and have no lack of material. What, after all, was the need of bringing little Ned Carmack into this trial, anymore than there was need of making such a sickening display of little Edna in the Billik case some time ago? What earthly good will it ever do the boy to have seen the trial of his father's slayers? What has the fact that a man has a pretty child to do with the question of his guilt? Is justice a matter of feeling or of reason? From the way the trials are conducted one should think that it is determined by feeling. Anything to move the jury—the more ignorant it is, the more easily moved; anything to obtain the sympathy of the public through the newspapers. No wonder, we hear complaints about our jury system, and the whole legal machinery of to-day, from men who are in a position to speak on the subject. Any one with a high sense of justice must condemn these sensational tactics.

In the world of the press, at least in that part of it which is denominated by the term "yellow," sensationalism has long been at home. Anything to make an impression, to draw the attention of the people. No matter what law stands in the way, whether that of decency, good sense, decorum, reserve and restraint. What are these things to the modern yellow journals! They live by setting them at naught. Shakespeare would say that they "offend against the modesty of nature," and that they "make the judicious grieve." In form and matter and every illustrative feature they are the very epitome of sensationalism, and what is worse, they are the mother of all other forms of this hydra-headed monster. Without them, it could not flourish. How could the professor from the university air his theories, and the scientist make his predictions, and the artist announce his excentric conceptions, but for the press, which needs those things to entertain the public.

There is no doubt that sensationalism has a very bad effect on the thought and manners of the people, even on literature and the arts. It is a pagan influence, for it is radically opposed to the Christian idea and virtue of humility, and as such it is doubly objectionable.



Another kind of sensationalism is practiced by those reformers who appear on the platform before they have fully reformed themselves, and while the memory of their misdeeds is still fresh in the public

Some Reformers. mind. Pat Crowe, the notorious kidnapper, drunkard and all-around crook, coming out as an evangelist and preaching against intemperance and other vices. *Risum teneatis!* Was there any one found willing to listen to him? Why, certainly. The fashionable congregations of Chicago and its finest suburbs invited him to their churches to hear his plea for righteous living. No doubt, a very forcible plea. Too bad that its force was diminished by the fact that the evangelist suffered occasional lapses from grace between acts. Now he has found shelter under the roof of an asylum for inebriates. A good riddance. The world is relieved of a sorry spectacle. Such things are offensive to good taste, and help to bring religion into contempt. It would be better and far more in accordance with common sense if men of such ilk, who fanatically imagine that they have "got religion," were to do secret repentance for their wrong-doings, and live a quiet life of kind works and good deeds. Besides, very few people, and they are of the poorer and more ignorant class, ever think that they derive any good from hearing the stories of "what a sinner I was, and the story of my life, etc.," which are generally heard at these revivalist meetings, when some old man in the middle of the discourse starts groaning and "gets religion," and the infection passes on till the meeting house resembles the wrong side of the river Styx.

Let us have more good sense and moderation and less of fanaticism and unrestrained emotionalism.

Exchanges.

IT seems as if there is an unwritten law followed by College Ex-men that our various critical dissertations should be preceded by a long preamble or introduction. Therein we either expatiate upon our diffidence as the work in hand is undertaken, make some reference to that prolific subject, weather, or perhaps become philosophical as to different faults that are noticeable in most of the Exchanges. Let no sharp-sighted brother, with his critical acumen on edge, dare to allege that we are following the old and established custom, for we are off for a plunge into "medias res."

The **Morning Star** first came to hand, but our destructive ambition was slowly mollified, as we perused the essay "The Earthquake and International Reconciliation," and the story "Au Revoir." The essay is written as if it were given from the stage. If so, probably the writer thought that there was sufficient excuse for brevity; there should, however, be more space devoted to this subject, as it is a very prolific question and one that can be treated with interest, as the writer has shown us. As to the story, although the title is somewhat farfetched, one reads it with great interest. The glamour of real things and places is thrown around the plot and enhances the interest greatly. The editorials and personals are also well written.

"The Forged Letter" in the **Manhattan Quarterly** is one of the best we have seen in a College magazine for some time. More we need not say. The essay on Tuberculosis is a masterly treatment of the subject, and is especially interesting at the present time, when the attention of the world is being directed to that dread disease. The essay on Edgar Allen Poe, while it is but one of hundreds written this year on the same subject, met with instant approval.

The **Nazarene** gives one the idea that more space is needed. Why, it is hard to say. The prose selections seem to be too short in some instances, and in others the treatment is not especially good. And, O ye Nazarenites, has the Muse flown away to stay?

The **Viatorian** is becoming better and better. Last year it was sadly lacking in the real qualifications of a College paper, but this year, and especially in the February number, it has given us only the best. The leading essay deals with a new but very interesting subject and one that we have never seen treated before. "Popes in Hell" is very well written, and the different refutations are logically made. "Father Joques" and "Athens of To-day" are excellently written. "The College Forum" is an interesting department and one that few College Journals have. It affords room and excuse for a number of short and interesting subjects, which otherwise would have to be omitted. The story "Two Graduates" is something new and it is also something that is very good. "What Happened to Harrison," while it is not as good as the other articles, shows what a '12 man can do. There could easily be more editorials. As to the Muse, this much abused personage seems to be on fairly friendly terms with St. Viateur's.

The **Collegian** from St. Mary's reflects the sunshine of its native state. St. Patrick will certainly look kindly upon St. Mary's if he but sees her tribute. "In the Realm of the Gallery God" shows that the author has a very observing mind, besides a thoughtful and characteristic style. "The Exile's Return" is one of the best poems that have lately come to our notice.

The **Colored Harvest**, a small journal published at St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., is an excellent paper, showing the progress made in our Southern Missions. It arouses interest in the great work carried on by these missionary Fathers, and at the same time supplies us with some good reading matter.

It affords us great pleasure to state that the **Notre Dame Scholastic** no longer gets lost "en transit!" We find it as usual occupying the first place in College Journalism.

The story "The Trials of a Musician" in the **Pittsburg College Bulletin** gave us a few moments of very pleasant reading. However, a few trite and high flown expressions are noticeable, and they give a slightly bombastic ring to an otherwise commendable style. The sonnet "I Deem Him Great," is most excellent and breathes forth an atmosphere of deep thought.

St. Mary's Sentinel for March is a number which the publishers should not forget to send to the land of St. Patrick. All the tributes to him are loyally and very well written; even the story "The Prodigal," which is very good. Mr. Walsh seems to be the only one at St. Mary's to whom the Muse pays an occasional visit.

If we mistake not, **The University of Ottawa Review** passed us by last time. We were sorry, for there is always something interesting in this paper. The arrangement of the various articles, with their well chosen type for headings, is especially noteworthy. Since we are speaking about appearance, we must not omit to allude to the cover design. It is very artistic; neither too heavy nor too light.

The young ladies who write for the **Young Eagle** have done credit to themselves in the March number. "The Royal Road" is quite interesting. The stilted English, however, that is used in some places must be censured. "A Visit to an Indian Reservation," though rather abrupt in the conclusion, is spicy and to the point. We are quite sure that it was very good, for more would have been acceptable. The "Young Eagle," contrary to the established custom of this kind of bird, is a good warbler. As to the truth of this statement "Freshman Rondels" serves as a good proof.

Now and then there comes to our table a magazine so good that it is a pleasure to mention it. One like this is **Our Young People**, published at St. Francis, Milwaukee, a magazine that can safely be placed in the hands of young people. This does not mean little children only, for all the articles contain valuable information. As for multiplicity of subjects and illustrations, which delight all young people, this magazine can not be excelled. We cannot recommend anything better to Catholic homes.

The following exchanges have taken their usual place on our table: **The Laurel, Mountaineer, Niagara Index, Dial, College Spokesman, Agnetian Monthly, Patrician, Solanian, St John's University Record, Blue and White, and Fordham Monthly.**



With the Alumni.

We are pleased to note that there is more than the usual activity in Alumni circles, as the two following letters will attest:—

DEAR FRIEND AND FELLOW ALUMNUS:—

The following resolution is an excerpt from the minutes of the Alumni meeting held at St. Joseph's College, June 17th, 1908:

“Resolved, that the Alumni Association express its appreciation of the kindly attitude of the College towards its students, past and present, by the erection of a steel Flag-staff and the presentation of a silk flag; that the staff be set up at a convenient point on the College grounds to remain as a mark of affection, shared by each alumnus, toward the home of our student days; that appropriate exercises be arranged by the Alumni officers for the dedication and presentation of the memorial to the College in connection with the 1909 commencement.”

The resolution carries its own explanation. Other Alumni Associations have distinguished themselves by their generosity toward their respective schools, to give evidence of the veneration they feel for the homes of their student days. Without the shadow of flattery toward the College and its faculty, it may be said that there is no other College in which students found more kindness and consideration than was lavished upon us at St. Joseph's—no body of men, constituting a faculty at any other seat of learning, who gave of themselves more unselfishly than the faculty of St. Joseph's.

The College is the home of pleasant memories, of friendships formed and continued, of pleasant days that shall touch each year of our lives. The Flag-staff will be one outward sign of the love we bear our Alma Mater.

To ask each alumnus to be generous in his contribution toward the project is unnecessary.

Please send your contribution to the undersigned, Rev. T. M. Conroy, 208 S. Washington St., Crawfordsville, Ind., who will receipt for and announce the name of the donor and the amount given at the dedicatory exercises. The annual dues are one dollar, to be paid at this time.

Yours fraternally,

THOMAS CONROY, Sec.-Treas.

KOKOMO, IND., APRIL 2, 1909.

DEAR FELLOW ALUMNUS:—


The Alumni Association of our Alma Mater has created the office of Historian, whose duty it is to keep in close touch with each individual member of the Association from the moment he leaves the halls of St. Joseph's.

It fell to my lot to be elected Historian, and I will make bold to ask you to help me begin a perfect record. For the sake of remembering former school-mates, and for the sake of our own Alma Mater, I hope you will take the small trouble upon yourself of writing me, and giving me data of when you attended St. Joseph's, what course you studied and what line of work you have pursued since. With such data at hand I hope to be able to gain the consent of the Alumni Association to issue a year-book containing the name, address and occupation of every member of the Association. The Alumni Column of the Collegian, too, is always open for interesting communications.

Let us "get together" and renew old acquaintances and help extend the influence and spread the honor of old St. Joseph's. Kindly address your reply to this to Rev. William Flaherty, St. Patrick's Church, Kokomo, Ind.

Yours very sincerely,

WM. FLAHERTY. Historian.



Acknowledgments.

WE beg to express our sincerest appreciation and thanks for two favors lately received. The one is an interesting and valuable contribution to our Museum, a piece of Colonial currency, a certificate for Seven Spanish Milled Dollars. It is very well preserved, almost new, and so is the envelope in which it was sent. The latter bears the peculiar post-mark that was employed before the invention of stamps. We are much pleased to have this piece of old currency, and sincerely thank the donor, Rev. Bernard Schuette, of Waukegan, Ill.



PENNANT WINNERS OF CLASS-CONTEST.

The other favor came to us in the shape of a ten-dollar bill, present U. S. Currency, sent to us by Father Francis Buechel, C. PP. S. chaplain of the Sisters C. PP. S. at New Riegel, Ohio. The latter, however, did not find a place in our Museum but was almost immediately returned to general circulation, to cover current expenses. Father Francis writes that because of his advanced age and his limited knowledge of English, he finds it difficult to read the "Collegian," but that he wishes to encourage our efforts, and considers them very creditable and deserving of encouragement. We have several good friends and well-wishers, but none like Father Francis, and we take this occasion to express our sincerest appreciation of his generosity and good-will.

Our thanks are likewise due to Father George, C. PP. S., for the donation of a large number of magazines and plays.



Societies.

C. L. S. On February 12, Lincoln's Centenary, the Columbians presented a creditable volunteer program for the entertainment of the students and visitors. Some of the selections were original essays and poems dealing with phases of Lincoln's life and work, while the others were renditions of his most famous speeches. The following are the selections:

1. Music, "Victory Overture".....Band.
2. "Character of Lincoln".....Charles Pfeffer.
3. "Lincoln's Greatness".....James McIntyre.
4. "Lincoln's Responsibility".....L. Nageleisen.
5. Music, "Twilight Hours".....Band.
6. Poem, "Father Abe".....H. Grimmelsman.
7. "Patriotism".....W. Eppley.
8. "Lincoln's Fits of Gloom".....Chas. Buetle.
9. "A Tribute to Lincoln".....Bernard Voors.
10. "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address".....H. Berghoff.
11. "A Tribute to the Statue of Lincoln".....C. L. S.

For ease and gracefulness L. Nageleisen and W. Eppley carried off the palm. The statue, however, was the surprise of the evening. With the band playing the war melodies, this feature made a very soul-stirring finale.

On Washington's Birthday it again fell to the lot of the C. L. S. to entertain the audience that had gathered to do

honor to the memory of the Father of the country. The inaugural address, "Purpose of the Centenary," by Mr. Faurot was an excellent piece of composition, and although the gentleman's memory failed him here and there, yet the essay was well appreciated. Mr. Besinger in the humorous selection, "A September Gale," repeatedly provoked hearty laughter. The debate was quite a treat too. The subject was: "Resolved, That All Tramps be Compelled to Labor on Public Works." Affirm., John Bennet, Neg., Theo. Koenn.

The program on St. Joseph's Day, March 19, was even better, in the opinion of most members, than either of the foregoing. The numbers were as follows:

1. "Sounds from Home," Waltz.....Orchestra.
2. Oration, "Gladstone in Defeat"L. Spornhauer.
3. Poem, "A Drummer Boy of Kent".....R. Kuntz.
4. Declamation, "The Passing of the White Swan"..... J. McIntyre.
5. Music, "Faust," Operatic Selection.....Orchestra.
6. Debate: "Resolved that Oliver Cromwell was a Greater Man than Napoleon Bonaparte.".....Affirm., H. Hipkind, Neg., O. Peters.
7. Music, "Sousa Swing".....Orchestra.
8. Farce, "Honesty is the Best Policy".....
Characters:.....Phelin O'Flynn, C. O'Donnell; Geo. Brown, G. Pax.

Mr. Hipkind's forceful speaking and close argumentation won the debate for him. And now something about that farce. To say the least, it was one of the best ever seen on the Collegeville stage. Such was the opinion of all. Mr. O'Donnell gave us the happiest characterization of the Irish lad, just fresh from the "auld sod," that we have seen for a long while. Mr. Pax, also, was at his best in the role of Geo. P. Brown. His impersonation of the three characters gives us an idea of his versatility as an actor. We certainly hope for more such treats from these two gentlemen.

The last election of officers of the C. L. S. for the year '08 - '09 occurred on March 21. The presidential honor fell upon James McIntyre, with D. McShane for Vice-Pres. On Mr. Besinger devolved the duties of Secretary. Mr. Louis Nageleisen was chosen Critic, while Jos. Kraft will be our future Marshal. For the ensuing term Geo. Hasser will "collect and take care of the cash." The rest of the offices were filled as follows: Ex. Com., Messrs. Carmody, Buetle, Peters; Advisory Board, Messrs. Faurot, McIntyre, Pfeffer, Nageleisen, Koenn and McShane. Librarian, C. Buetle.

The Commencement Play

Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton certainly deserves the thanks of all aspiring actors, those of the college world in particular, for giving them a drama on which they may exercise their dramatic abilities with good effect. Few plays are so well adapted for presentation on a college stage, and we are sure that our presentation will be, to say the very least, a strong one. A cordial invitation to witness the play is extended to all our friends, in particular to the Alumni. Following are the characters:

RICHELIEU.

Louis XIII., King of France.....	L. Faurot.
Gaston, Duke of Orleans, Brother to the King.....	O. Peters.
Count De Baradas, the King's Favorite.....	W. Franze.
Cardinal Richelieu, Minister of France.....	Geo. Pax.
The Chevalier De Mauprat.....	H. Gabel.
Roland De Mortimer, Ward of Richelieu.....	L. Dufrane.
The Sieur De Beringhen, a Conspirator.....	R. Carmody.
Clermont, a Courtier.....	B. Voors.
Joseph, a Capuchin Monk, (Richelieu's Confidant).....	J. Bennet.
Francois, a page to Richelieu.....	H. Hipskind.
Huguet, a Spy.....	R. Kuntz.
De Lorme, a Spy.....	W. Eppley.
First, Second and Third Secretaries of State	{ Chas. O'Donnell. M. Pauley. P. Froning.
Captain of Archers.....	A. Besinger.
Courtiers, Pages, Conspirators, Soldiers.	

R. S. C. With their heads amid the clouds—of smoke—and their feet on the floor, the Smoking Club held their customary meeting on March 11, and elected the following to guide and govern the destinies of that notable body: Pres., Frank Seifert; Vice-Pres., Cy Staib; Sec., O. Peters; Marshall, Fred Rengers.

St. Stanislas Altar Society. The list of officers of the Altar Society for the second term is the following: President, Aug. Kistner; Vice-President, Edwin Horn; Secretary, Francis Marcotte; Censor, Jno. Berghoff; Sergeant-at-Arms, Gerald Fitzgibbons.

JAMES MCINTYRE, '10.

Athletics.

DURING the last two months the hours of recreation found the hall of our gymnasium ringing with cheer upon cheer as the teams of the league engaged in a spirited contest for the prize pennant. Manager Link and his deputies were to be seen busying themselves with conducting the contest, and the great success of the league may be justly ascribed to their management.

The contest closed with the Second Commercial in the lead, the Third Commercial following closely for second place. Then came Second Latins, Third Latins, Sophomores and Normals. In the Junior league, the Cardinals won first honors, while the Bluebells came in for second.

The "Varsity" has every reason to be proud of their success during the season. Since our last publication they have made the following record:

On the evening of February 17, they defeated the Rensselaer High School team by a score of 67-13. The game was without any special features, except that the Varsity scored almost at will.

Our enthusiasm was reserved for February 22, when we looked forward to a real contest with the team of Manual Training High School, Indianapolis. We were not disappointed, for the Indianapolis boys showed up in great style and made us pay for our enthusiasm with a score of 36-27. Cockran, their big center, did some real acting, and the whole team showed excellent organization. They were rather rough, however, at times, and had Besinger been in his old form that day at throwing fouls, they would have paid dearly for their roughing it.

The line-up:

"Varsity." 27.	Position.	M. T. H. S. 36.
Mestemaker, (1)	l. f.	Thiems, (1)
Franze, (2)	r. f.	Turner, (5)
Dowling, (8)	c.	Cockran, (10)
Besinger	l. g.	Cummington
Pfeffer	r. g.	Feeney

Fouls: Besinger 3, Dowling 2, Cockran 4.

The evening of February 24 saw two victories for the Basket Ball lovers of St. Joseph's, the "Varsity" and "All Stars" playing the two

High School teams at Rensselaer. The "Varsity" defeated their opponents by a score of 44-33, the "All Stars" giving a curtain raiser with a score of 30-4.

The "Varsity" played the last of their series on the home floor on the evening of March 6, defeating the Oakwood team in one of the roughest games of the season. The visiting team seemed to be in it for blood, and although they had twelve fouls chalked to their account, they showed no little tact in fast work and general organization. The "Varsity" led in the first half with a score of 20-14, while the second half made the score card look something like this:

"Varsity, 24.		O. H. S., 15.
Mestemaker (5) }	l. f.	E. Owens (7)
Carmody (1) }		
Franze	r. f.	Roberts (3)
Dowling (10)	c.	Welch (2)
Pfeffer	r. g.	Street (2)
Besinger	l. g.	F. Owens.
Fouls: Besinger 8, Welch 1.		

BASE BALL.

At a mass meeting of the Athletic Association, March 27, great enthusiasm and general good feeling was manifested in electing general managers for base ball and tennis. These honors were bestowed upon A. Link and D. L. Mc Shane respectively. With the management under such able men we look forward to a successful season in the two sports.

At present much interest is being shown in the try-out games for the "Varsity." The final choice, which is soon to be decided, presents a gratifying appearance, since the number of aspirants is quite large and the general ability exceptionally good.

At a meeting of the "Board," April 7, the following men were chosen to comprise the "Varsity:" George Hasser, Louis Nageleisen, Charles Pfeffer, Leo McGurren, Roland Carmody, Leo Faurot, Wm. Hineline, Charles McArdle, Wm. Franze, Otto Birkmeier, and Byron Hayes.

With Aloysius Link as manager and George Hasser as captain, we entertain the best hopes for our share of the honors on the field of Base Ball.

LEO FAUROT, '09.

Localisms.

DEAR READERS: It is April, the month of fools. This should argue well for the local column. So I thought, but I found that what is usually counted for a gain proves often to be a loss. On the First of April I sallied forth, expecting to hear some jokes. Unfortunately, the ears were not called into service the whole day. I had collected no material for the Local Column when night came on, but I went to sleep in a merry mood. For who could be sad after enjoying practical jokes all day long? But since these cannot be committed to paper, you will have to be satisfied with the March jokes, slim as they are.

Al.—What is the true sphere of a local editor?

Soc—His round head.

Prof.—What did they do after the constitution was framed.

Steve—They hung it on the wall.

Retty wants to know who the “Old Man Elephant” was.

Peter—When will they have the try-out games for the Reps?

Link—When it gets warmer.

Peter—It was warm this morning.

Link—You’re mistaken, Peter.

Peter—Why, it was warm in bed.

Coonie, looking at the bulletin-board—I got all 1’s this month, but they are so crooked; it seems they hated to give them to me.

Squirly—Say, why is Vurp eating all those eggs.

Fred—Why, dont you know he wants to grow a feather edge?

About five o'clock, one morning, Charles was snoring loudly. Hip, his neighbor, pounded with a shoe on the wall until he stopped. Shortly after, Hip started to snore. Then Charles got out of bed, knocked on Hip's door and told him he had better be quiet since one of the professors had just been pounding on his wall, he supposed for the same reason. Will some one tell Charles why Hip laughed.

Maxim—Do not depend on a broken wire.

Gus—Who held the basket ball league together?

Soc—A. Link.

Hank—Do you want a local.

H.—Sure!

Frank—Draw Scipio's picture and put that in.

THE "ROGUE'S GALLERY."

Away up high in the corner
Long Jack Anheier hangs,
With face as thin as a skeeter's,
Half hidden by long black bangs.

Below him is Gus Berghoff,
Who has the real rogue's look,
Caught was he, in the study hall,
Reading a trashy book.

At one side hangs McNamee,
Just added to the bunch;
Still, on all of the others
He's got a reg'lar hunch.

And scattered all around him
Are Jack and Rich and Mac,
With Ollie, Bud and Duffy,
Caught with smoking tobac.

And these with a host of others
Are grouped in the Prefect's room;
Hanging a warning to others,
Lest they share such a doom.

Chas. No. I—Jack is visiting the College for a few days.

Chas. No. II—I'll go you one better. Cope came out of the sick room for a few minutes.

Beuke at table, just after a ball game: "Gee! but my arm is excited."

Philip—"I dreamed last night dat it wus hot und cold at joost axactly de same dime."

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD THEME.

HOW softly to the upper landing
Those sweet notes ascend the stair;
Tis a loving mother pleading
With a slumbering youngster there.

"Johnny! Come now to you breakfast,
For your eggs and muffin's cool.
It is now full eight or past,
And the bell has rung for school."

A low grunt from the upper chamber
Tells the sleeper now does hear;
Then the softer breaths of slumber
Fall upon the mother's ear.

While again her clear voice rising,
"Johnny! Come now, please, dear child."
And it is so sweet and soothing
That he falls to snoring mild.

Then the father hears the snoring
And he tries his powerful art;
And those piercing words go roaring
Into Johnny's thoughtful heart:

"Is that boy not out of bed yet!
I will bring him out of there;
Mother, you are much too lenient."
"Yes, Sir, wait till I comb my hair."

C. L., '11.



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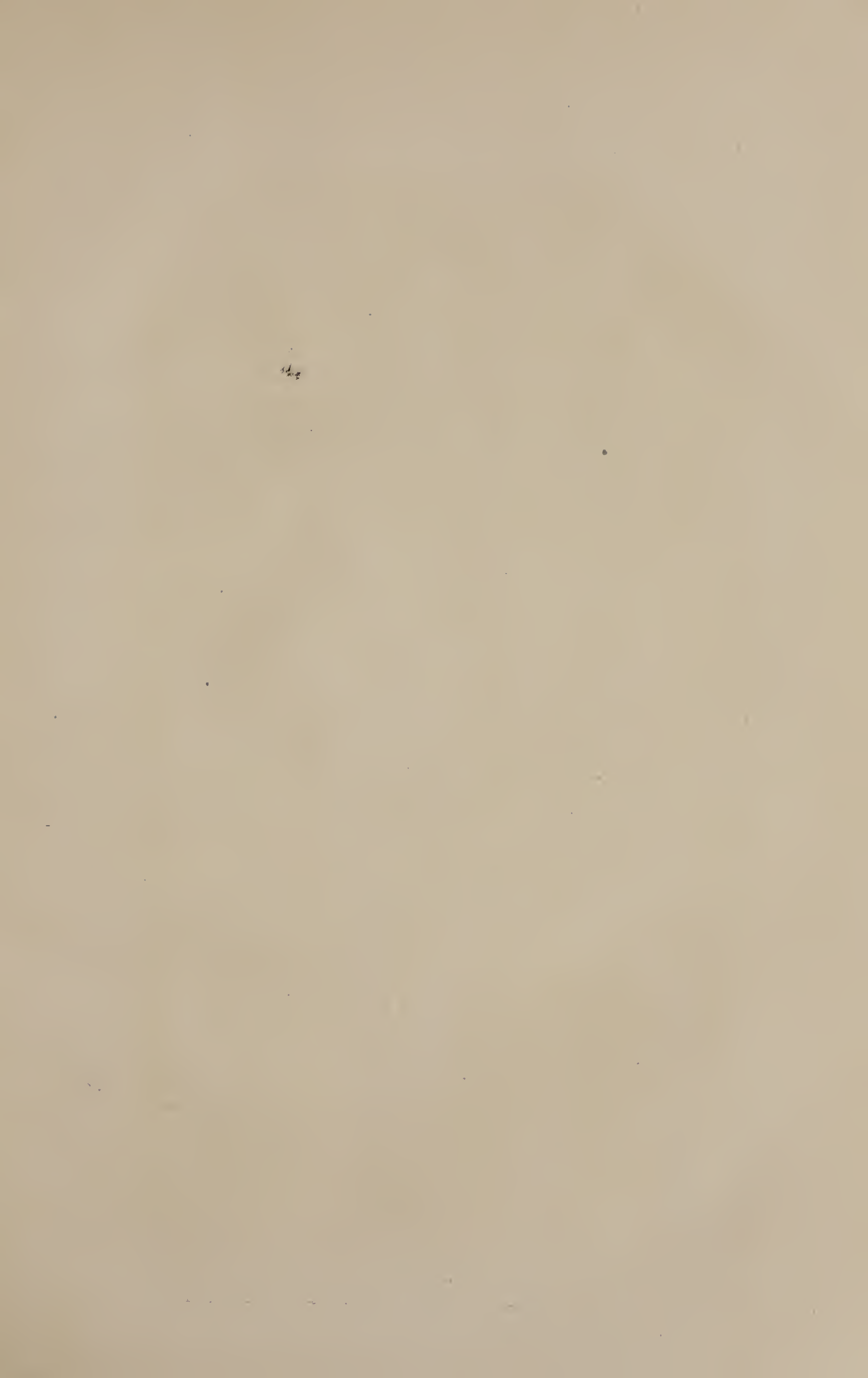
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